

Social Siberia, The bitter pill

Will you get there you go?
would you let the wind carry your name?
would there be blood on your hands?
would you dance in the ruins you where made?

when your world falls to pieces
would it be as you like?

will there still be what you ask for?
will there be things you pray for?

when your world falls to pieces
will it be what you really want?
write back.
what is ours?

will you get there you go?
when the pain remains as a bitter pill
will I taste as a victim to your lips?
please erase me for better or for worse

And its always insincere
and you live on broken share
will you belong to something new
And its always insincere
and youre living day by day waring that crown, since you fell from that cliff.